God saue King *Harry* vnkingd *Richard* saies,
And send him many yeeres of Sun-shines daies.
What more remaines?
North. No more, but that you read
These accusations, and these grieuous crimes,
Committed by your person, and your followers,
Against the state and profite of this Land;
That by confessing them, the soules of men
May deeme that you are worthily deposde.
Rich. Must I doe so? and must I rauell out
My Weaud vp Folly, gentle *Northumberland?*
If thy offences were vpon record,
Would it not shame thee in so faire a troope,
To read a lecture of them, if thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one hainous Article,
Containing the deposing of a King,
And cracking the strong warrant of an Oath,
Markt with a blot, damd in the booke of heauen:
Nay of you that stand and looke vpon,
Whilst that my wretchednesse doth bate my selfe;
Though some of you (with *Pilate*) wash your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie, yet you Pilates,
Haue heere deliuered me to my sowre Crosse,
And water cannot wash away your sinne.
North. My Lord dispatch, read ore these Articles.
Rich. Mine eyes are full of teares, I cannot see;
And yet salt water blinds them not so much,
But they can see a sort of Traitors here:
Nay, if I turne mine eies vpon my selfe,
I find my selfe a Traitor with the rest;
For I haue giuen here my soules consent
T'vndecke the pompous body of a King;
Made glorie base, and Soueraignte a slaue;
Proud Maiestie a subiect, State a peasant.
North. My Lord.
Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught insulting man,
Nor no mans Lord; I haue no name, no title,

No not that name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vsurpt; alacke the heauie day
That I haue worne so many Winters out,
And know not now, what name to call my selfe,
O that I were a mockerie King of Snow,
Standing before the sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my selfe away in water drops.
Good King, great King; and yet not greatly good;
And if my name be starling, yet in England
Let it command a mirrour hither straite
That it may shew me what a face I haue,
Since it is banckrout of his Maiestie.
Bul. Go some of you and fetch a looking-glasse.
North. Read ore this paper while the Glasse doth come.
Rich. Fiend, thou torments me ere I come to Hell.
Bul. Vrge it no more, my Lord Northumberland.
North. The commons will not then be satisfied.
Rich. They shall be satisfied, Ile read enough,
When I doe see the very Booke indeed.
Where all my sinnes are writ, and that's my selfe,
Giue me the glasse: no deeper wrinkles yet?
Hath sorrow stroke so many blowes vpon this
Face of mine, and made no deeper wounds?
Oh flattering Glasse, like to my flollowers in prosperitie!
Was this the face that euery day vnder his
Houshold roofe did keepe ten thousand men?
Was this the face that faast so many follies,
And was at last outfaast by *Bullingbrooke?*
A brittle Glorie shineth in this face,
As brittle as the Glorie is the face,
For there it is crackt in a hundred shiuers:
Marke silent King the morall of this spor,
How soone my sorrow hath destroyd my face.
Bul. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyd
The shadow of your face.
Rich. Say that againe: the shadow of my sorrow;
Ha lets see: tis very true, my griefe